

THE CARBON NEWS

Vol. I, No. 38

CARBON, ALTA., THURSDAY, April 6th, 1921

FRANK PETERS, EDITOR

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YOUNG LADY requires situation as
house help. Farm preferred. Reply
stating wages, to Box 128, Carbon,
Alta. p 7-8

ESTRAY.—One gray Mare, no vi-
sible brand, wt about 1500 or 1600 at
Fred Ziegler's farm, 6 miles South and
3 miles east of Carbon. p 7-9

THE AUCTION SALE

The Optimist let opportunity knock,
while the pessimist does the knocking
himself.

of Mr A. S. RITCHIE, advertised for
Wednesday April 6th, has been post-
poned till **WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13th.**

Local News

As a headline we wish to announce
that Wm Burton, manager of the Car-
bon Hotel, has departed for Calgary,
to see the 'Orse Show'. The last we
saw of William, he was all sides up
with the Kaiser points on his mous-
tache jutting out very prominently.

We noticed our old friend Tru Olive
in Carbon a little while ago. Unless
our memory has forsaken us altoget-
her, we have not seen him since the
latter days of the big war.

A few of our local jazzers journeyed
to the Garrett School last week, and
incidentally showed (or thought they
did) the poor old farmers a few
things.

Mr Tad Whalen has departed from
Carbon temporarily. Guess the
Poker business has not been any too
lucrative for him, lately, so he is
trying a little Bull and Bear stuff, in
the 'spud' line.

Some of our local Masons, evidently
thought that Fording and Doding
was a little too slow for them, so they
tried something new in the travel-
line. They used the 'Hand Car', and
for real exhilarating sport, we would
strongly recommend a 10 p.c. grade
in a hand car.

Quite a number of our loyal Masonic
Lodge members journeyed to Grain-
er on Friday last to attend a Dance
there. Everybody reports a 'whole' of
a time.

'Egad' but we hated to disturb Hil-
keah Bowman from his favorite arm
chair in the Post Office, but we really
had to do it for a few minutes while
the Post Office was removed to its
new location.

The 'Dicky' Walter at the Hotel has
departed from Carbon. It took a whole
wagon load to carry away his goods
and chattels. The poor little canary
he just had to go too.

We have heard considerable argu-
ment about an earlier closing hour and
weekly half holiday for all stores and
business places in Carbon. Our op-
inion on the matter does not count for
much, we would sooner leave the mat-
ter in the hands of our able village
council, but may we suggest that
should a bylaw be passed in favour of
a half holiday, that every business
place be closed, including Pool Rooms,
Billiard Saloons, etc., and so make a real half holiday. We
are sure our two Pool Room proprie-
tors would be in favor of this, as their
working hours are late every night at
present and a little relaxation would
do them no harm.

Ladies! Allow us to introduce you
to 'somebody' Douglas, the new
Cold Cream Clerk at the Drug Store.

On account of the stores running
out of John McDonald's favorite chea-
se, it was found necessary to post-
pone the presentation of the Farce
played by the Carbon Theatrical
Co. until a later date, April 13th.

More Signs of Spring

Jim Clayton was seen in Carbon
minus his little black moustache.
Joe Boulter, was celebrating his
twenty-sixth birthday.
The 'Doc' has been on the 'missing'
list for a few days.

Mr Jay Russell our old Railroad friend
from Carstairs is paying Carbon his
usual Spring visit.

Heard a great Hubbub over in Sub-
urbia the other night, and the noise
reminded us of a 'barrage' over in
France. We called out the local Po-
lice force and when we found out the
noisemaker, guess who it was? Fred
Morrison trying a few new punches
on the carpet, and incidentally getting
initiated into the joys of Spring clean-
ing.

A. Beaver, who finds out that the
photographic business is very slack
these days, is trying out a new stunt.
For further reference take a walk as
far as the Crown Lumber Co's office.

Mr Geo McNeil, who takes the part
of 'Twist' in the coming play,
was observed studying his little say-so
in the Office of the Toronto Bank.

Wish the new clerk (not McLeod or
the 'Cardinal') at the Merchants' Bank
would come out of his shell once in a
while. We would like to introduce
him to the ladies.

Sacred Hours.

Ancient history tells us that in ti-
mes of long ago the hours from 8.00
p.m. to 10.00 p.m. were considered sa-
cred because during these hours many
hearts were either made happy or
broken according to the decision of
his lordship 'Dan Cupid' and from the
days of long ago the custom of re-
serving these hours has been handed
down from generation to generation
and we find ourselves complying after
our forefathers and perhaps using the
same words to express ourselves while
under the influence of that most su-
blime and uncertain of all moods and
for no better name called 'love'.
We might ask Mr Carhiff to write
us a short essay in the matter.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will be in Their Hands

My Dear Boys and Girls:

As I write this letter it is the first day of spring and we all feel very happy to realize that soon winter will be gone and summer with us once more. I can imagine how pleased all the boys and girls feel who go to school at the thought of being able to play out of doors again in the warm sunshine instead of being cooped inside four walls. I hope you all get out just as much as you can in the warm weather, because boys and girls as well as storing up their minds with knowledge for future years need to store up energy and health for the days when they are grown up and when of necessity they may have to spend a good deal of time inside. Now is the time to get all the oxygen possible into your lungs and your blood so that you may grow into strong, vigorous men and women, able to play whatever part you may take in life, well.

I do not think the world needs anything more than men and women of strong principle, kind hearts and keen brains who are able to see and have the power to do what is right at all costs, and such men and women are handicapped if they have not strong bodies as well as bright minds. The two go hand in hand, and while many clever people have had delicate bodies, yet it seems to me that the world did not get all it might have got from them if, in addition, they had health and strength.

So remember that even when you play if you play fair and square and play games that give you exercise and strengthen your muscles you are doing something to make yourself better citizens of your country in the years that are to come.

Please do not forget to send me the birthday dates. I am looking for them each day and add them to my list as they come in.

With much love,

Affectionately,

AUNT BETTY.

903 McCallum-Hill Bldg., Regina

PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE OF MATTERS—TREATED IN LIGHTER VEIN

A few weeks ago I was in the King Edward Hotel in Toronto and learning that the Canadian Club were giving a luncheon at which an address was to be made by Sir George Foster, on the League of Nations, I attempted to secure a ticket. Sir George is always a drawing card and there wasn't an available seat. I was not to be beaten, however, and very boldly went up to the hall in the hotel where the luncheon was to be held and asked for the secretary, hoping to be able to squeeze in somehow.

To my surprise the secretary turned out to be an old acquaintance in the person of Dr. D. J. Goggin who, in the old days, had been a sojourner in Regina. Dr. Goggin in the early 'nineties was superintendent of education for the old Territorial Government, and under the Haultain administration laid the foundations of the present educational system which prevails in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. He was a man of learning and executive ability and many of our present day western professional men who use the teaching profession

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

"That's right," said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down and as far round as it would go for five minutes, without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement.

He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell half way to the ground in waving curls.

The dwarf turned his small, sharp eyes on Gluck and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. This gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little and seeing no great reason to view his visitor with dread, he ventured on a question.

"Pray sir," said Gluck, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharply around, went straight up to Gluck and drew himself up to his full height.

"I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantment you have freed me. What I have seen of you and your conduct to your wicked brothers renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. "Oh dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

(Continued)

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as a stepping stone to law, medicine, and the church, attended Normal School in Regina, under Dr. Goggin, and carried away with them from the class many a lesson that served them well in after life.

I remember well on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria a splendid speech that was made by Dr. Goggin. Nicholas Flood Davin, the brilliant Irishman, who represented the great constituency of Western Assiniboia, in the Commons was not available. He had gone to Boston as the guest of honor of the British Society of that city to respond to the toast of the Colonies and the Empire, at a great banquet there. There was no orator available in Regina for the occasion, but someone suggested Dr. Goggin. A platform was raised on the old market square between Hamilton and Rose streets, where the city hall now stands, and Dr. Goggin mounted upon it, gave an eloquent expression of the loyalty and patriotism of the British. It was a hot day in June and the sun beat remorselessly down on the heads of the crowd who gathered there, but they listened with attention to the speaker, and applauded him to the echo. Rudyard Kipling at that time was but little known, but Dr. Goggin had in his possession a copy of Kipling's English Flag, and he recited portions of it with fine effect. There was a tumult of applause when he gave the lines:

"Never the lotus closes;
Never the wild flowers
wake

"But a soul goes out on the
east wind,
That died for England's
sake."

However I have got away from the subject of Sir George Foster and the League of Nations. Sir George is a very wonderful old gentleman, only he doesn't look old, nor is there the least sign of him going to the discard for many a long year yet. He is seventy-four years of age but he is still long and strong and lean and active. Some twenty years or so ago when he was a very redoubtable figure in Canadian parliamentary life, he was a bitter fighter, a keen and logical debater and a "master of flouts and jeers". Of late years, however, he has mellowed somewhat and can see merit in even those who disagree with him. He was married a few months ago to a beautiful and accomplished lady and he still wears very gallantly a little of the festive air of the bridegroom, a little subdued, of course, if one can speak of anything in connection with Sir George Foster as being subdued, but it's there all right. Most bridegrooms of seventy-four might appear a little grotesque, but not so in the case of this perennial and remarkable gentleman.

I would not call him exactly an orator. He does not have the fine fervor or the poetic frenzy of the men who carry multitudes off their feet, but he is a lucid, convincing and logical speaker with no unnecessary verbiage and his language is illuminating and well chosen. He has a fine presence that adds to the convincing nature of his speech.

He had been to Geneva as one of the Canadian representatives to the Assembly of the League of Nations and his presentation of the facts in connection with the deliberations of that body were lucid and interesting. He explained at considerable length the constitution of the League, its assembly which the representatives from the various countries interested corresponded to a legislative body in a democratic country; its supreme council corresponds to a responsible administration; and steps were now being taken to form a judiciary to

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The Personal Side

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW

When the buffalo disappeared in the large herds upon the plains about 1878, a number of Metis hunters in the Red River country refused to believe in the story of their extinction and spent a year or two wandering over the plains in search of the vanished herds.

Only a few years before the prairies had been black with them, their tracks were everywhere; it seemed an impossibility that they could be gone for all time. So instead of returning to the Red River, some of these hunters established a settlement at Wood Mountain and Willow Bunch in the southwest portion of the province of Saskatchewan where they have remained until this day. Not very long ago the writer was talking to one of them Louis, a splendid, handsome half breed, not yet in old age, who was discussing the buffalo and the modern conditions.

He said: "When I first came west the country was black with them from the Wood Mountain to the Milk River. Then they went and the cattle outfits came in. We could always get a job riding for them and things weren't so bad. Antelope ran among the buttes and there were ducks in every slough. Now the farmer has come in with his ploughs; the antelope has gone and pretty soon there will be no gophers and we will have to buy all our meat in a butcher's shop."

interpret and give effect to its mandates. He gave an interesting account of some of the work that had been done and gave it as his opinion that no important nation could afford to remain outside it. If I remember correctly he did not refer to the United States by name, but he intimated that before very long that country would have to join the League of Nations in order to avoid the somewhat dangerous position so aptly described by a British statesman a quarter of a century ago as "splendid isolation."

Sir George Foster was accompanied to the Geneva assembly by the Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, who was also present at the luncheon in question. Mr. Rowell did not add anything to Sir George Foster's remarks but the classical features and beautiful moustache of the best favored and reputedly the most moral legislator in Canada, added considerably to the appearance of the luncheon table. It is certain that these two gentlemen were quite competent to uphold the dignity of Canada at any assembly or convention in the world.

Some time ago in this column I referred to Frank Norris, the American author who wrote the famous California story of the "Octopus," who died some years ago just at the time when he gave promise of being the long looked for Messiah of American literature. During a recent visit to the east I met a gentleman who had been Mr. Norris' brother-in-law and he gave me some very interesting details of his life. This gentleman, Thompson by name, told me that he had lived with Frank Norris on a great wheat ranch in the San Jacinto valley of California, when he was imbibing the local color and writing the descriptions which were incorporated in his great novel of California life.

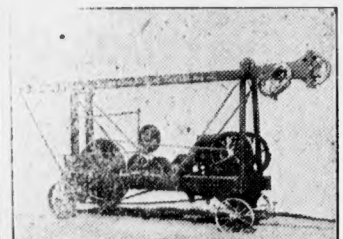
Poor Norris was cut down in the pride of his days by an attack of pneumonia. Mrs. Norris subsequently married his brother and has won considerable distinction for herself as a novelist under the name of Kathleen Norris.

Mr. Thompson agreed with me

that despite the wonderful success of the "Octopus," Frank Norris' best work was contained in a little volume called "McTeague," a story of San Francisco life, tremendous in its realism and intensity.

J. M. Hamilton

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WESTERN CANADA MAY PRODUCE A GREAT PORTION OF RAW MATERIAL FOR WORLD'S SUPPLY OF LINEN

It has long been recognized that the alluvial plains of Western Canada are eminently suited for the cultivation of the flax plant. Seed thrown into the ground in almost any way will in ordinary seasons produce bounteously, and there is always an excellent market for the seed. It is used for a variety of purposes—for the production of linseed oil; for the manufacture of oil cake, and is one of the most valuable constituents in a great number of stock foods. So rapidly does flax seed germinate that it has been found possible to break land in the spring and with very little preparation immediately sow a flax crop on it which, in many cases paid all the expenses of the breaking and even has been known to pay for the land itself. It is not so susceptible to frost as the other cereals such as wheat, and oats, and may, on occasion, be harvested very late in the season.

Heretofore in Western Canada flax has been grown entirely from the seed and although experiments have been conducted in the manufacture of the fibre into linen, until quite recently they have not been a success. It was a fixed idea in the minds of the farmers that if flax were ripened for seed the fibre had reached a stage that made it useless for the manufacture of linen.

The growing of flax for linen is very important in certain portions of Europe, such as Ireland, Belgium and certain regions of Russia, and its successful cultivation in Western Canada would mean not only a corresponding increase in the price of land, but the addition of an industry of great importance to the economic life of the country.

There were several reasons why in the past fibre production was not successfully carried out in Western Canada. One was the popular misconception that fibre production and seed production could not be carried on at the same time. Another barrier, and perhaps the most difficult one to pass was the labor question. Flax cut by a binder or a reaper had its stems so tangled that it was almost useless. What flax has been grown in Eastern Canada for fibre has had to be pulled by hand at the rate of about half an acre per day. It can accordingly be seen that it would take a tremendous gang of workers to go over one of the hundred acre fields in the west. Then, too, growing flax entirely for seed has resulted in the breeding of the plant for seed alone being intensified and consequent neglect of the fibrous qualities desired for manufacturing purposes.

Some little time ago some people in Eastern Canada determined to find out if the flax industry could not be properly developed. It possessed tremendous possibilities.

The plant flourishes well on the western prairie and could its fibre be utilized for manufacturing purposes it would establish a Canadian industry that would benefit the agriculturalist and the manufacturer alike. There is at present, a great scarcity of linen throughout the world. The region of Russia which has heretofore supplied a great portion of the product used in manufacture is at present doing very little whilst Belgium is only going back to production after the devastating war, and Ireland is also far short of normal production.

After much painstaking experiment and research the gentlemen in Canada interested in this matter have had an invention perfected which seems to prove conclusively that there is a tremendous future in Western Canada for the cultivation of flax for the fibres used in linen making. In the course of their researches they have proven conclusively that it is not necessary to sacrifice the seed for the successful cultivation of the fibre. Both products may be utilized by the use of proper machinery and intelligent selection of seed. This flax harvesting machine can pull about ten acres per day and can also thresh the seed.

The most exhaustive tests have been made and it looks as if the west were about to add a new agricultural industry to its category.

Western Canada owes a tremendous debt to the C.P.R. for what they have done along agricultural lines. It was on their experimental plots in Alberta that the possibilities of sunflowers were demonstrated and they have gone most carefully into the flax question and have satisfied themselves that it is thoroughly practical.

Already a strong financial firm of Alberta have taken the matter up and are making arrangements to introduce the process to the prairie country and to encourage the production of flax for seed and fibre at one and the same time.

We will have something more to say in these columns on this subject. The possibilities of this business is enormous and those interested in promoting it are doing a work that is both constructive and patriotic. By means of their process they have dispelled the old popular delusion that seed and fibre cannot be grown together, and by their machine they will overcome the labor difficulty which in the past has made the growing of flax for fibre on the western plains an economic impossibility.

A MATTER OF BREATH?

It was a chemistry class, and the aged professor, who was anything but a teetotaler, was doing a stock experiment, which consisted of blowing vigorously upon some blue crystals, whereupon they turned yellow.

When he had finished he asked the class if they had any questions to ask.

"Yes, sir," came a voice from the back of the room. "Will anybody's breath do that?"

Husbands and Wives should Read this!

Rev. Dr. W. G. Milarr, of Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, is a parson who does not believe in confining his work to preaching two sermons every Sunday. He thinks it quite the proper thing for him to have something plain and personal to say to his parishioners, and he believes it lasts longer if it's in print.

That is probably why Dr. Milarr has had printed and circulated among his flock in Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, a little card that bears the title, "The Ten Commandments for Husbands and Wives." There is a little hole punched in the top of the card so that it can hang on a nail in the kitchen or dining room, where it can constantly be consulted. And the information secured in Bond Street Church circles is that quite a few of the cards are hanging in the homes of the members and of some who are not members.

There's a lot of homespun philosophy in the Milarr commandments. Here they are:

1. Thou shalt not cut out the honeymoon.
2. Thou shalt not lie.
3. Thou shalt not scold.
4. Thou shalt not sulk.
5. Thou shalt not lose thy temper.
6. Thou shalt not gad about.
7. Thou shalt not tell thy wife's age.
8. Thou shalt not keep thy husband in "hot water."
9. Thou shalt not have an affinity.
10. Thou shalt not pick out Companion No. 2 whilst thou has No. 1.

And as a final word of exhortation Dr. Milarr adds that "the secret of a happy home is mutual confidence, mutual sympathy and mutual love."

USE LIME TO PREVENT CLINKERS

The formation of clinkers in the kitchen range interferes with the amount of heat given out.

Quite a thin layer of clinker stuff on the firebricks will often seriously interfere with the heating of the boiler and the oven.

A very good remedy for the clinker trouble is to be found in the occasional putting of two or three small lumps of builders lime on the fire when it is bright.

The lime has the property of dissolving the mineral matter out of which the clinkers are formed, and this does not settle in the form of hard deposits.

Where lime is not used, a few oyster shells will have equally good results. It is only needful to apply the lime now and again, and, after every use, a much increased heating power on the part of the range will be noticed.

POINTERS FOR MOTHERS

I don't believe in trying to mould all the children in a family to the same pattern. In that way, individuality is lost, and once gone, it's the shyest thing in the world to coax back.

My little word has nothing to do with the nursery. It's the time when the girls leave school that seems to me more of a danger time than most mothers realize. I wouldn't let a girl settle down at home—not even for a year—without something definite to do. I think it is most important that she should take up at once some study or other that will be of use to her in later life, whether she has to earn her living or not. If girls are allowed to slack after leaving school, the habit of concentration that they have acquired at school is just frittered away.

Games for the Young People at Home

Some Suggestions for Pleasant Evenings

In our neighborhood there isn't going on in the winter, and there are a good many young people about, so some of us mothers put our heads together and arranged a scheme for friendly evenings, so that our young people could meet together and find some little jollification or other going on after their day's work to take the place of the lawn tennis they used to play in the summer.

My own two boys are specially fond of games, so I offered to keep "open house" two evenings a week for any young folk who cared to drop in after supper for an hour or two and play table tennis.

Table tennis is really nothing but our old friend "Ping-pong," under a new guise—an old "dug-out." Ping-pong set answers capitally for a makeshift game, though you may find that the net—a strip of green or white material, preferably gauze—needs renewing; any extra balls needed cost only a few pennies each.

One tremendous advantage of table tennis over any other ball game I know is that the celluloid balls used are so light that there is no fear of breaking windows or even fragile ornaments about the room. If I happened to have some specially light, very breakable object, which the slightest touch would overturn, I might possibly move it to one side, out of the direct range of the players.

So it follows that onlookers may enjoy watching the game—which is a most entertaining one for the spectators—without fear of injury from the flying balls in the course of a hard-fought battle.

By and by I hope we shall have something in the way of a tournament, with some little prizes.

Tableaux Vivants

Mrs. X has a couple of merry young daughters, who love to get up impromptu animated Tableaux

Vivants and "Charades," and Mrs. X doesn't mind the house being topsy-turvy once a week if other young people like to come for a "dramatic evening." It's wonderful how they turn to account all sorts of "rubbish" in dressing up for their performances. What one doesn't think of another does, and there are plenty of us willing to lend a Japanese kimono or a silk sash, or a pair of old curtains, or whatever we have that may be wanted and that wouldn't be in too much danger of getting damaged.

"Dressing up night" is on Saturday, and the masqueraders dance to the gramophone, or may sometimes give a theatrical performance, to which the rest of us are invited to come as audience.

Cards and Paper Games

Mrs. Y quite approved of our scheme, but said she simply could not have anything that entailed a lot of extra work. If it would be any good to clear the diningroom by eight o'clock once a week, and provide packs of cards, pencils, and half sheets of paper for such games at "Literary Consequences" she would be only too pleased.

Sing Songs

Mrs. Z, who is very musical, and whose boy and two girls have inherited her tastes, holds a week-"sing song." Those who can sing a solo or duet, or recite, get chances of doing so, but the chief feature of the proceedings is the practice of simple part songs, which we find always make an attractive item on the program when our young folks are asked to take part in local concerts.

And other people offered other evenings with sometimes one amusement and sometimes another. Of course, all the young people don't come to every "evening."

The point is that they always know of some place where they can go—where there will be something going on.

Different Definitions of Economy

To me it seems that economy is the laying out of one's time, strength, and money to the best advantage. Overwork is not economy, because it often leads to a long compulsory rest, or to inferior work, so that one pays a heavy price for it in the long run.

* * *

Thrift, good management, and self-denial. The art of extracting the maximum of service from the minimum of material. The art of spending wisely—avoiding extravagance, waste, and superfluous show—but not being penny wise and pound foolish in essential things.

* * *

The art of deciding intelligently what is luxury and what is necessity. The art of obtaining the best value for every form of expenditure.

* * *

Buying good, sound food and cooking it well—buying good clothes and taking good care of them. Taking care of the things we possess already, and making sure that we are turning the things we have to good account before buying new ones. The old proverb "Cut your coat according to your cloth," sums it up exactly.

Planning one's expenditure so as to leave sufficient margin for

"the unexpected." Taking note of little expenses of everyday life and weeding out expenditure on things that in the present state of one's finances are not worth while.

Making the best use of resources and material you have. Knowing how far one gets better value by paying higher prices. Giving the stitch in time that saves nine—in the widest interpretation of the old proverb.

WHAT I THINK

That the aggressive energy which in the grown person finds legitimate expression in sports, manual and intellectual work, in the child finds an outlet in destructiveness. Tearing paper, flicking off leaves with a stick, breaking sister's doll, notching the furniture with a knife, may be reprehensible, but they are evidence of energy which needs turning into legitimate and useful channels.

Why not show how to tear the paper for stuffing a play room cushion or making paper animals, how to carve a wooden spoon, cut a gross border with an old pair of scissors, carve a fretwork box, stud a box with nails, or in some way discourage mischievous over-destructiveness while encouraging constructiveness?

Some Tales of the Indians

AND THEIR HALF BROTHERS

RELATED BY ONE WHO DWELT LONG AMONGST THEM—PICTURESQUE TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS OF THE NATIVES OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

THE RED PIGEON — THE YOUNG PRIEST AND HIS CONVERTS—THE DEATH OF RED PIGEON—A PLEDGE FULFILLED.

Last Things

Old Meekoo—Maymee (The Red Pigeon) had passed away, and now her body must have Christian burial. She had drawn her annuity for the last time, had eaten her last bannock, had partaken of her last meal of Government bacon and fresh beef, had quaffed her last cup of tea, had smoked her last pipe, and for the last time had kissed her crucifix, counted her beads, and said her last prayer.

Early Missions

Thirty years before this occurrence a young priest of the Roman Catholic Church, fresh from college at Montreal, and from his apostolic ordination by the Reverend Fathers, had reached the Qu'Appelle Mission, ready and eager to spend his young life for the betterment of the Metis in their scattered settlements, or for the enlightenment of the wandering tribes of Indians who roamed at will over the summer prairie in pursuit of the buffalo, or who traversed the winter forests as trappers and hunters.

A Unique Mission Field

For fifteen years his life from early Spring until latest Autumn was spent among the roving bands, of both half-breeds and savages, whose sole occupation during those months was pursuing and killing the buffalo, the hides of which they converted into robes prepared for the markets of all northern climes, and whose flesh they preserved as pemmican for sale at the Company's posts, often to be resold, in the following winter, to the Indian at a handsome profit, in the event of a scarcity of food.

Living The Simple Life

As the red men thus wandered, hither and thither, year after year, over the boundless prairies, the young priest went where they went, slept where they slept, ate where and what they ate, learned their language and their modes of thought, baptized their infants and buried their dead.

From the Known to the Unknown

Building on the Indian's marvelous conception of the Great Manitou, he told them of His fatherly beneficence, of the Manger Babe at Bethlehem, His wonderful life among the poor, His deeds of love and mercy, His ignominious death and His return to 'Keche-Keesik—Awoosata' (The Land Beyond the Big Sky).

Converts

The simple pathos of his story appealed to and won many a savage heart. Scores of converts were baptized. Among the latter was Meekoo-Maymee, the Red Pigeon. And now, a quarter of a century later, she had "ceased to live" and her body awaited Christian burial, because an injunction

had been laid upon the tribes that when any of these baptized converts met death, no matter in what part of the country it must be reported to the nearest priest or mission, so that the body might be laid away in consecrated ground, in a marked grave, and guarded from the depredations of the ravenous beasts of forest or plain.

A Dry Country

The summer of 1889 was a period of dry scorching weather. Vegetation was parched by the intense heat, and where in the spring time hundreds of sloughs had been filled with water, only immense areas of baked earth, showing fissures of almost incredible length could be seen.

A Problem

The Indians of File Hills were face to face with a serious problem. Their hay meadows had been burnt up by the fervent heat apparently their splendid herd of six hundred cattle was doomed to starvation in the coming winter.

For weeks the situation was the subject of grave consideration by department officials.

The Solution

The final decision reached was that the whole Indian encampment, of over 300 people—men, women and children—with all their cattle and horses must migrate thirty miles north to Horse Hills, where hundreds of lakelets, filled with water had been located where grass grew high as a horse's back and where timber in abundance could be found suitable alike for fuel and for building purposes.

The White Chief

The task of supervising this great trek and bringing it to a successful issue was placed upon the Farm Instructor, Mr Richard McConnell, who became the "White Chief" of the community until the following Spring. Thousands of tons of hay were stacked and protected by miles of fire guards, and hundreds of houses and stables erected. Immense quantities of food were freighted from the Government warehouse at the south.

Death In The Camp

During the long, cold, tedious winter the average number of deaths occurred—that of Red Pigeon being one.

An Indian Runner

Fifty miles south to the mission at Lebreton, an Indian messenger was sent to Father Hugonard, the one time priest of the buffalo hunting days. He arrived at dusk.

Keeping a Pledge

The Rev. Father made immediate preparation for an early daylight start north. During the night an awful blizzard developed. Three priests resident at the mission each in turn besought the Father for the privilege of going in his stead.

Deeds Not Words

While uncertainty prevailed as to which of the three might be chosen, one stole away to the stables, harnessed and hitched a horse to the sleight and appearing at the mission door, simply said, "Good Father, give me your blessing, I am off."

Some Journey

The winds blew and the blizzards raged, and all roads and trails were obliterated, but into the teeth of the storm went this devoted young priest to make good the pledge of the Church given years before to a benighted Indian woman. His first night was spent in a bluff; where his well blanketed horse partook of a generous feed of oats, then lay down on the snow to rest. The priest himself, behind his temporary windbreak, was able to kindle a fire and thaw out sufficient food for his supper. The second night was passed under similar conditions.

Arrival and Return

On the morning of the fourth day the priest was ready to start on his return journey. Again two long night vigils were spent in the open air, his only companions being his horse and the frozen corpse of the Indian woman.

The Home Stretch

On the morning of the sixth day the intrepid son of the Church struck out across an open plain of 20 miles extent, over which the tireless winds whistled and shrieked as they carried the blinding snow here, there, and everywhere. At noon he found the head of Larocque Coulee, and descended into the shelter of the Qu'Appelle valley.

Duty Done

At noon he reached the mission, and staggering fell across the threshold, utterly exhausted. He had suffered much, but his self-imposed task was finished and the body of Meekoo-Maymee The Red Pigeon, received Christian burial.

Pay your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Orders. Five Dollars costs three cents.

Motley Crowds Meet in Vancouver

Thousands of men and a few women took part in a parade and open air demonstration staged in Vancouver in welcome to W. A. Pritchard, Vancouver strike leader, recently released from Stonewall, Man., penitentiary. The motley procession, made up of men of many nationalities, included Chinese and Japanese. A brass band and a man on horseback headed the throng, which peaceably gathered at the Cambie Street football grounds and listened to speeches.

Legalize Marriage

The government at Athens will ask the National Assembly to legalize the marriage of the late King Alexander and Madame Aspasia Manos, who has given birth to a daughter, in order to establish the right of the child to inherit the late king's fortune, it is announced.

Strong Box Equipped With Burglar Alarm

A Berlin inventor has just placed on the market a portable steel box which is equipped with an alarm which can be set before the lid is closed. When the box is lifted or moved ever so slightly the alarm sounds and can be stopped only by unlocking the box and adjusting the mechanism which controls the buzzer. Hotel guests are buying the strong box and placing it against their doors at night or setting it on luggage which they wish to protect. The boxes are produced in various sizes and with alarms varying in strength from an ordinary buzzer to a fire alarm gong.

A Dream Elizabeth Had

It had been a hard day for Elizabeth. The children seemed to get on her nerves as never before. She had seemed to be shrieking at them more or less the livelong day and they had at last departed for bed amid howls of protestation and tears, which had ended in Billy sobbing himself to sleep after receiving a few smart slaps with the strap and as she had turned the light out in the bedroom she caught glimpses of two very sorrowful faces half buried in the pillows of their respective cots. Then the baby had been unusually cross and she had had a twenty minutes tussle with him before, quite exhausted he had resigned to go to sleep.

Supper was all laid on the table; the kettle was singing on the stove. Elizabeth sat down in the arm-chair and closed her eyes. How dragging and tiring it all was. Suring was coming too! It did not conjure up to her visions of herself in new garments. No, she was thinking wearily whether her old suit which had seen service for four years, was worth the two dollars charged for sponging and pressing, and which with her old sailor hat refurbished a little with a coat of hat black and a new pair of shoes, would have to serve for her spring outfit.

Then she began feverishly to count out what would be necessary for the children, and having concluded that between thirty and forty dollars would have to be spent she tried to stop stretching in her mind the unstretchable dollar. But her mind would go whirling and whirling around the subject no matter how she tried to stop it. What a day it had been. She harked back then to the happy carefree days she had spent before her marriage, when her body had not known this terrible ache; when she could be alone and quiet to her heart's content; when she loved to read and had plenty of time for it. Now there seemed no end to the housework and the children, yes, she loved them, but at times she longed to go away and not to see them for a whole week. Yes, she thought feverishly how blissful it would be to have a week of absolute rest and quiet.

Elizabeth looked up startled. Billy stood in the doorway leading from the stairs. He was such a dear, chubby little chap. Everyone congratulated her on his good health. Elizabeth knew that it was mostly due to plain, regular food, and plenty of sleep, but many of her friends who adopted slipshod methods with their children seemed to think it was some special dispensation of Providence which gave the Allans such "good luck" as they termed it, with their children's health. But Billy looked very pale and a stricture seemed to seize Elizabeth's heart as he walked slowly towards her, his eyes unusually large and solemn, and his fair hair gleaming in the electric light. He crept up beside her and put his two arms around her neck. Elizabeth tried to speak, but the words would not come. She wanted to tell him to hurry back to bed, that he must not get up after she had put him there, but her lips were powerless and would not frame the words.

"Mumsie," he said, so gently and quietly for four years old. "I've been thinking; you know you told me 'bout the happy land one day where little children like me play and have all sorts of nice times. I think I would like to go. Your poor head gets so tired when I play down here and I am so naughty, but I does love you Mumsie, an' if I go 'way to the happy land I won't forget you, and I'll think of all the nice cuddles you gave me and how sweet you were when you smiled at me and when you were not tired. I spects Mumsie I'll get lonely up there and want to come back, but you'll be able to have a rest when there are not so many of us." Then the little figure faded away and Elizabeth dragged, it seemed leaden feet upstairs to look in Billy's cot, but Billy had gone, and Mary was sitting looking with frightened eyes crying "I wants my little bruyver."

"Oh-o-o-o" cried Elizabeth and she sat up in the chair with a

start. The kettle was still boiling and her husband was bending over her, smiling but with anxiety in his gaze.

"Why little woman whatever is wrong!" he exclaimed.

"Oh Billy, Billy!" she said, and sped upstairs, Jim following her two steps at a time.

"Well, what's the matter with Billy?" demanded he, as he gazed down at a very substantial and rosy small edition of himself, who was sleeping the sleep of the just, apparently quite forgetful and oblivious to the cares of the exhaustive day through which he had passed.

"Oh dear," said Elizabeth happily, "I had such a horrid dream and I thought I had lost Billy. I'll never grumble again about the work of the children, never again. "Poor old girl," you have had a pretty trying time and you need a rest," said Jim, as he put his arm protectingly around her going down the stairs.

Elizabeth sighed. Poor old Jim, he would give her the earth if he had it, that was one consolation. He did not take it for granted that she should slave and pinch, but fate seemed to have taken their destiny out of their hands, and she supposed they would go struggling along, poor farmers until the end of time.

Elizabeth went about her tea-making and tried to be more cheerful. Indeed she was more cheerful because her dream bringing to her the possibility of losing one of the children who were so sweet and wholesome and loving, caused her to realize that there were worse things than being poor and hard worked, very much worse. In fact she felt they were but pinpricks compared to the greater sorrow which might have been hers and which others had to undergo. Engaged with her own thoughts as she sat down to the tea-table which she always arranged as neatly as possible, feeling it was a mistake to slump in these small particulars even if one did live on a lonely farm, she did not notice that there was an unwonted light in her husband's eyes, and that he seemed to be bubbling over with some news which he could hardly keep to himself much longer.

"How would you like to go and visit your folks for a month?" Elizabeth looked up startled. "Oh Jim dear, what's the use of talking. It would cost two hundred dollars, for the fare alone, and then—she did not add the rest, but her eyes filled with tears, and Jim quite understood. She did not want to appear before her folks and the people who had known her as a light-hearted, well dressed girl, in her old clothes, and Jim knew as well as she did that it would take a good deal to replenish her wardrobe.

"I have some good news for you," Jim said slowly, "they have struck oil in that old field close to Billings lane and I have sold it today for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Oh Jim," gasped Elizabeth, "how wonderful." Then the little tired woman collapsed and sobbed as though her heart would break. "I don't deserve it," she cried, "I don't, I have been so bitter, so repining, and so ungrateful. First I had the dream to show me the value of my children, and now this."

"You do deserve it," maintained Jim, "and you are going to have a good rest. We'll get somebody to take the children right off your hands for a month or so, and you can go off alone to visit your mother."

"I don't want to go alone now," said Elizabeth, "I never want to leave any of you."

"Well then, we'll all go to see your mother. She'll be glad to have us, and we'll get someone to take care of the youngsters there."

And the sky was serene and quiet over the rickety old house which contained so much of human joy; and the moonbeams slanted graciously in at the window on the faces of the sleeping babes, and the spirit which broods over the souls of tired motherhood rejoiced with the two struggling mortals who rejoiced.

Pithy Paragraphs For Busy People

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN TERSE TERMS

Heavy Toll Through Explosion of Lamp

The explosion of a gasoline lamp is the reputed cause of a destructive fire which destroyed the home of Mrs. J. M. Sheperd at Lonesome Butte, and a barn belonging to Roy Hewson on the other side of the road. A Maxwell car which was in the barn was also totally destroyed. It was but a few minutes after the explosion that the house was in the grip of roaring flames which leaped high in the air and across the road, where they seized upon the Hewson barn, razing it to the ground in a very short space. Mr. Sheperd, owner of the house in which the explosion occurred, is at present on a visit to Chicago. The total loss which resulted has been estimated at not less than \$5,000, of which only about \$1,500 is covered by insurance.

Proceeds of Liquor Sales

It is reported that many of the larger cities and towns of British Columbia will be in the hands of receivers before they can receive their share of liquor profits, unless they are given immediate financial relief. The municipal delegation urged that a tax of five cents a day on all workers, \$15 a year on others and \$15 a year on all corporations be levied to pay for cost of schools and hospitals.

Warns Paper Profiteers

A warning to the pulp and paper companies of the province and other profiteers was recently sounded in the legislature by David Whiteside (New Westminster) in the course of a stirring address on the budget. Pointing out the heavy appropriation required for the upkeep of the Government printing office for the ensuing year, Mr. Whiteside said that printing paper would cost \$52,000 and stationery more than \$40,000.

Morganatic Wife Gives Birth to Daughter

Madame Manos, the morganatic widow of King Alexander, gave birth to a daughter on March 25. Madame Manos is the daughter of a former aide-de-camp of King Constantine. The marriage between her and Alexander is reported to have taken place before he was in direct line to the throne and while his chances for succeeding his father seemed very remote.

Money in Bank Fifty Years

In the records of the Canadian Bank of Commerce it is set down that a James Swift, a farmer near Hamilton in the year 1870 drove to the branch of the bank at Hamilton and deposited \$595. On his way home his horse bolted and Mr. Swift was killed. Five years later the bank, not having heard a word about the deposited money, commenced to advertise for the relatives of the deceased farmer, but until the present time no one has come forward to claim the money which at compound interest for the past fifty years amounts to a good sum.

Kissing Causes Sleeping Sickness

Dr. Willoughby, in a lecture at Eastbourne, states that kissing is responsible for the spread of sleeping sickness. "Cerebro-spinal fever, or sleeping sickness is due to a germ found at the back of the nose," said Dr. Willoughby, "it induces a kind of stupor and is conveyed to other people by kissing."

Use of Swords Forbidden

Chief S. J. Dickson of Toronto, intends to literally enforce the criminal code with regard to having or using offensive weapons without a license. The agitation which led up to the order was a scene in one of the local theatres where a revolver was used on the stage. The chief has sent a circular to all the theatre managers the amendment to the code, it is understood was put through primarily to guard against youths obtaining wild west ideas from seeing a revolver or knife flashed on the stage and under the amendment the theatres have fallen.

Should Be in Jail

Colonel Thompson of the Pensions Board in Ottawa told the Parliamentary Committee on re-establishment recently of an Ontario farmer, acting as "guardian" who was receiving a pension of \$30 a month for an orphan. It afterward developed that this farmer had hired the boy to a neighbor for \$60 a month. "Did you put that farmer in jail?" asked E. W. Newbitt (North Oxford). "I tried to," retorted Col. Thompson.

Poisoned Husband

Mrs. Daniel Hastings has been remanded for a week on a charge of murdering her husband, Daniel Hastings, a farmer of Dublin, near Stratford, Ont. Mrs. Hastings made a statement that she had given her husband strychnine tablets because she feared him.

Travelling Scholarship

Miss Isabel Jones, instructor in history at the University of Saskatchewan, has been awarded the travelling scholarship established by the Federation of University Women, according to announcement today made by an official of the local University Women's Club.

Calgary Man Acquitted

John Reynolds of Calgary was acquitted by the jury of the United States Supreme Court recently after five minutes' deliberation. He was charged in connection with the prosecution of the brokerage house as Blum-Reynolds and Compani. John Reynolds and Joseph Thervy, Ohio, were the defendants. They were indicted on seven counts charged that they had conspired to defraud the public in connection with the sale of stock in the Henderson's Farm Oil Company of Kentucky, and with having used the mails with intention to defraud.

Palace Becomes Garage

The private palace of former Archduke Franz Salvator is to be converted into a garage with a capacity of 1,000 cars. The purchase price was 67,000,000 crowns or about \$110,000.

No Free Passage Given Immigrants

Colonel L. S. Amery, colonial under-secretary, when questioned recently in the House of Commons regarding free passages to the Dominion, stated that no free passages were granted without the approval of the representatives of the Dominions. The Government was aware, he admitted, that unemployment existed on a considerable scale in the Dominions and as a result of the attitude of the Dominion representatives, large classes of industrial workers had been refused passage. Some industrial workers had gone to the Dominions at their own expense and found themselves in difficulties, but the machinery set up by the Government had done its part in discouraging the workers from going hence to the equally congested centres overseas, Colonel Amery said. Asked concerning the rights to maintenance of deserted wives of colonial soldiers, Colonel Amery replied that further legislation on the matter awaited passing of reciprocal legislation by the Dominions.

Want Grain Commission Probed

At the Medicine Hat U.F.A. convention recently opposition was made to the appointment of W. D. Staples on the proposed commission to investigate the grain trade and demand was also made for investigation into the Grain Commission. H. W. Wood, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, made a speech opposing the merging of the U.F.A. and Labor Party for election purposes. He said he would rather that the United Farmers of Alberta endorse a Labor candidate straight than to have a joint candidate.

Burglars Get \$5,000

The office of the McNair Shingle Company was entered during the night last week by burglars and \$5,000 in cash and jewelry taken from the safe.

Sanctuary For Antelope in Alberta

With Western Canada's antelope herds reduced to between 800 and 2,000, the government has created a natural reserve extending over 5,000 acres near Memiskam, Alberta, with a view to saving this animal from extinction. There are approximately one hundred antelope within the park bounds at the present, according to a return brought down in the House recently.

Sixty-two Babies Born in February

Births, marriages and deaths in Regina were all down last month when compared with the figures for 1920. The figures, however, show a healthy natural increase in population for February of this year, the births being sixty-two as compared with thirty-two deaths. The number of weddings last month was thirty-seven. The figures for the corresponding month of last year are births, 116; marriages 53; deaths 111. The large number of deaths is accounted for by the fact that the influenza epidemic was raging at that time.

To Consider Relations With Soviet

Early consideration is to be given to relations between the United States and Soviet Russia, it was indicated a few days ago at the State Department. Formal announcement of any change in the relations between the two countries or in any of the rulings by the Wilson administration may not be made for some time, but it was made clear that already certain modifications of those rulings either are under consideration or have been made.

Many Go to Fort Norman Oil Fields

Mounted Police patrols returning from their annual mail trips into the Fort MacPherson and MacKenzie River districts, declared that an immense camp is being formed in the Fort Norman oil fields, with hundreds already en route and others awaiting the opening of spring traffic. The Fort Norman field is 300 miles long and 200 miles wide along the Mackenzie river, the oil bearing area embracing 600,000 square miles. One well sunk by the Imperial Oil Company gushed 1,000 barrels an hour at 800 feet, according to Cadzow's information, and arrangements are being made to pipe the oil to the nearest navigable stream. The Canadian Government has two airships for communication with the oil fields.

Make Vancouver Island Separate Province

The city council at Victoria are to take action on a resolution to be moved by acting Mayor Todd that Vancouver Island should be created a separate province. The motion is a sequel to the resolution on the order paper to Ottawa with regard to the establishment of a province in Northern British Columbia. The motion embodies a sentiment which has been voiced before. The colony of Vancouver Island enjoyed a separate government under a Legislative Assembly from 1855 to 1863, when it united with British Columbia five years before the united colonies confederation.

Guarded by Church

The body of Cardinal Gibbons, dressed in the robes of office, was laid in the upper room of Archbishoppal residence of North Charles Street, which has been occupied by him for so many years. Christian brothers relieved members of the Cardinal's household as watchers by the bedside and only dignitaries of the church and the Cardinal's grand niece and grand nephew were allowed in the death chamber. All others of the multitude who called at the residence were permitted to leave their cards, but were told that the Cardinal's body could not be viewed until it was placed in the cathedral.

Ex-President Wilson Ill

Former President Wilson is said to be recovering satisfactorily from an attack of indigestion which overcame him two weeks ago. Mr. Wilson has been subject to nervous indigestion for a number of years and this last attack, although without warning, was not wholly unexpected, it was said.

Arrested for Million Dollar Theft

Post office inspectors went to Chicago to bring back Wanda Urbaytis, who is wanted in connection with the mail robbery on February 17, when more than a million dollars in cash and negotiable papers was stolen in a hold-up of three mail clerks at the Central Post Office here.

Intimate Little Tales

SOME EXPERIENCES OF HUMAN INTEREST UNDERGONE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE BY EVERY-DAY PEOPLE

Frank Waring stepped out of his hotel and walked slowly up the busy street. It was Easter, but there was nothing Easter-like in the atmosphere or surroundings, unless it might be the dusty chocolate eggs and chickens and the other little cotton wool concoctions which seemed on this miserable day to be looking out disconsolately on the sloppy sidewalks where people dodged each other universally, being out of necessity, certainly not of choice, on this raw, muddy March day. Here and there an unfortunate infant looked blue-nosed out of a perambulator or a still more unfortunate small child was being hurriedly yanked along by a mother who was doing some belated shopping and whose guilty conscience told her it was no day for the child to be on the street.

Waring shrugged his shoulders. So this was the city! Whatever made sane people live in them, and he sighed. His mind travelled to his little white cottage on a sloping hill, away in the country. There was a garden, an old-fashioned garden and a front gate. Frank Waring had been very insistent about the front gate. There was plenty of ground about too and bushes in the background, and how comfortable Alice used to make him. Well, there weren't many sisters like Alice, and it was only natural that some other fellow should find out how sweet she was and what a good pal she would make. She was happily married, that was one comfort. He couldn't expect her to stay single all her life just to please him, but he wondered whether in all the world there was a woman who could make a sitting room at Eastertide the cosy place he remembered the sitting room at "The Cottage," last Easter, as the flames from the fireplace flickered on the dark wood of the furniture and against the soft rich brown of the rug. He could not remember all the details, but there had been Easter lilies and violets, soft music and companionship. All had been cold and grey without, but inside was home and contentment. Bitterly he thought he would never know it again. There had been in his life three women—his mother, his sister—and one other. Ten years had passed since that Eastertide o' full of disappointment and misunderstanding when she had betrothed herself to his rival. He could have staked his life on her goodness and sweetness, could have staked his life that here eyes had told him the old, old story but at the last minute she had coldly turned from him to an older and as they then thought, a wealthier man.

"Is this my birthday Mummy?"

"George darling," responded Lily Drayton as she looked affectionately at the small land who sat curled up on the couch watching thoughtfully every movement of her quick, capable fingers moving swiftly over the keyboard of her typewriter.

And in a minute, just when I do one more line little man, I am going out to get something really like a feast for our birthday supper, 'yours and mine.'

"That will be lovely," commented the little lad, so sober and

so wise, for six.

Very lilylike was the face of his young-looking mother as she bent intently over the script she was copying carefully, but there was a trace of sorrow in the set of the mobile lips and a tragedy in the depths of the violet eyes which could only have been the result of bitter experience.

Ten years ago she had thrown away her dream of romance. Her mother, a querulous invalid had demanded that, for her sake, Lily should marry the man of reputed wealth and forget her poet-lover. She had obeyed, only to find that the man she married had no money, that she had indeed cast away the substance for a shadow. She could not bear now to think of the unhappiness she had patiently borne for eight years, only relieved by the love for her boy, but it had left its mark on her nevertheless. It was two years since Roger Drayton had died and Lillian had since worked very hard to keep herself and Dicky, and to send small remittances to her mother who lived in retired seclusion, feeling injured that the world had cheated her out of the luxuries which might have been hers had her only daughter made a wealthy marriage.

"Don't forget the Easter Lily will you Mummy?"

"No darling."

The florist's window on the busy street was in dazzling contrast to the general murkiness outside.

Frank Waring stopped and gazed his poet's heart delighted. Pure stately lilies were there in profusion and he sighed as he noted their unsullied whiteness. There were violets too, and somehow he remembered the violet depths of her eyes as he had looked into them so long ago. And as he turned away with a sigh, he almost bumped into a very little lady who was hurrying towards the florists.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured. The little lady looked up, smiled and her pale cheeks grew even whiter.

"Lily!"

"Frank!"

Dicky thought that it was the most scrumptious Easter time he had ever known. It was so long since they had had any visitors and this Uncle Frank told him some great stories, especially about a lovely place in the country where they were all going to live, where there was a pretty cottage, and where Mummy would not work so hard. There was to be a Shetland pony if he liked and a beautiful garden in the summer. Indeed it seemed like to Wicky the story of some modern Garden of Eden in which they were all going to dwell.

And his elders quite agreed that they had already entered the Garden, but there was no serpent. Love had come into its own.

Fees Totalled \$18,000

Directors who compose the board of management of the Canadian National Railways, were paid \$18,000 in fees, plus travelling expenses to and from their homes during 1920, according to a return tabled in the House some days ago.

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Oil Tank. It will treble the life of your
Harness. Special low rates this Season.

Now is the Best Time to have your Kalsomining
and Papering done. It will cost you much
less than if you wait until Spring.

Out of town work receives prompt attention

Albert Heys

Painter and Decorator

P.O. Box 109

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The American Indians, having apparently run out of such names as Laughing Water and Sitting Bull, have now turned to the field of popular songs for inspiration, and we read of a redskin in Calgary named Dardanelle. If this sort of thing goes on we shall expect to hear of Big Chief Oh what a pal was Mary, or Medicine Man "You didn't want me when you had me so why do you want me now."

JOHN KANERVA
AUTO PAINTING

is our specialty. We paint your
Car from \$15.00 up.

THREE HILLS PAINT SHOP

How to Cure a Cold

Keep all windows open and avoid letting fresh into the house.

Dress warmly, wearing thin clothes and few of them.

Take no medicine and use the doctor's prescriptions as directed.

Keep to your room and get out into the open all you can.

Stay in bed and rest, taking long walks daily.

Avoid all exertion and do not fail to take some form of violent exercise.

Avoid getting your feet wet and take a hot footbath nightly.

Eat sparingly, denying yourself neither as to quality or quantity of food.

By all means keep to light underwear — red flannel is best.

Keep the throat uncovered, swathing it in woolen bandages.

The burden of proof advertising in the Idaho Falls Register:

A Lady's leather handbag left in my car while parked on Park Avenue, two weeks ago. Owner can have by proving the property and paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife that I had nothing to do with its being there, I will pay for the ad.

The prize for the most absent minded man seems to be due a Liberty Mo. citizen, whose house caught fire and who, after calling the fire department couldn't remember the life of him where he lived.

Small Boy.—What's the use of washing my hands before going to school, mother? I'm not one of those who are always raising them!

Like his Father.

Wot you doin' ehle?
Nothing, mammy.
My, but you is gittin' like yoh father.

Poet: The Burglars have been in.
Artist: Yes, what happened?
Searched my room and then gave me a shilling.

Roberts.—What's the matter? Finances bothering you?

Richards.—Yes, I owe Roberts five dollars, and today I've got it, and he knows I know he knows I've got it.

ACME, Monday, May 16th.

CARBON, Tuesday, May 17th.

SWALWELL, Wed. May 18th.

THREE HILLS, Thurs. May 19.

M. M. MECKLENBURG

OPTOMETRIST
(Sight Measurer)

30 years Experience
17 years in Alberta
18 Bradburn-Thompson Bldg.
Phones 4156 & 5225
EDMONTON, Canada

GRAIN MARKET

WHEAT
No. 1 Northern \$1.53
No. 2 " 1.49
No. 3 " 1.44
No. 4 " 1.28
No. 5 " 1.18
No. 6 " 1.08
Feed 0.98

OATS
2 C.W. Oats 28
3 C.W. Oats 25
EX. 1 Feed Oats 25
No. 1 Feed Oats 22
No. 3 Feed Oats 18
Rejected 15

BARLEY
No. 3 Barley 48
No. 4 Barley 43
Feed Barley 28

FLAX
No. 1 N.W. 1.35
No. 2 Can W. 1.31
No. 3 Can W. 91
Rejected 66

RYE
No. 2 Rye 1.15
Rejected 1.10

W. L. TOLTON AUCTIONEER

For Sales and all other informations address to

HARRY EVANS, - - - Clerk

ALEX REID & SON

Village Lots for Sale from \$50.00 up.

Also several Good Farms from 160 acres up to 640 acres
in size. The Finest Wheat Lands in Alberta.

MISS RUTH ELLIOTT

A.R.L.I.

Private Maternity Home
ROCKYFORD

Write for Particulars

CARBON BILLIARD HALL

H. M. THORBURN, Prop.

has opened his new quarters next to
Post Office

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCOS,
AND PIPES

always on hand

CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS

Forestry For the Prairies

The reforestation of Ontario which Premier Drury and Hon Beniah Bowman are planning will add to the resources and wealth of Ontario, but in the Prairie Provinces the planting of trees has become a necessity in order to preserve the soil, on which their existence depends. It is only 20 years or less since the bare prairie of Saskatchewan and Alberta began to be settled, and already in many districts the top eight to twelve inches of soil, the source of the fertility of the farms, has been blown away. If this waste is allowed to continue there will not be enough good soil left in another 20 years to be worth protection.

But nature is providing a remedy on the prairies. There are plenty of men living who remember when there were no trees west of Brandon unless in the river bottoms and the coulees. Now the eastern line of natural bush country reaches to about ten miles from Regina, 200 miles west. Gainsborough, Oxhow and Estevan had no trees when first settled. Now a good deal of that country is quite bluffy. Down the Goose Lake line of the C.-N.R. southwest of Saskatoon some 12 or 14 years ago there were very few bluffs. Now there are plenty, stretching as far south as Harris. Twenty years ago the first bluffs on the old Calgary and Edmonton trail were met about Didsbury, now they are at Crossfield. Settlers in the Three Hills district now find little bluffs of trees where there was nothing of the kind when they came in there first, and so it goes all the way round.

In explanation of this change Mr Archibald Mitchell writes in The Illustrated Canadian Forestry Magazine that the treeless prairie is really a great big bare arch which is continually getting smaller because it is bound by an ever-encroaching line of

CALGARY LIVE STOCK

STEERS Close this week

Choice \$ 7.50
Good Butcher 6.50
Medium butcher 5.50
Common butcher 4.00
Feeding 6.00
Stockers 4.75

HEIFERS

Choice 5.50
Good butcher 4.00
Stockers 4.5

COWS

Choice 5.75
Good butcher 4.75
Medium butcher 3.75
Common butcher 3.25
Stockers 3.00
Ganners 2.00
Springers 70.00

OXEN

Choice 4.50
Common 3.50
Canners 3.00

BULLS

Choice heavy butcher 4.00
medium butcher 3.50
Canners 3.00

VEAL

Choice light 6.00
Heavy calves 5.00

SHEEP

Wethers 7.50
Ewes 5.50
Lambs 9.00

HOGS

Off cars 14.50

trees, which to all appearances would cover, in time, the whole country if allowed to go on. What has prevented its taking complete possession has been fire, and what is encouraging it to spread so rapidly since settlement began is the fact that the settlers have kept down the prairie fires, which formerly ran unchecked and destroyed every vestige of forest growth that dared to show itself above the grass.

To assist nature in her work Mr Mitchell shows how to apply the principles of forestry to the prairies, and urges the planting of trees while there is still something to protect. He says that it is all a matter of moisture, and that there is sufficient moisture for the trees if only the proper steps are taken to preserve it.

Mr Alfred Fraser has been contemplating of putting water tanks above the new post office, containing salt water for salt water baths. He is hauling his salt water in car loads from the Pacific Ocean, to as the people of Carbon can have a sea-side resort at home. Why go to Long Beach.

We have heard a rumor that two more names have been added to the ever growing list of Carbon Coal magnates, it is indeed surprising how little local interest has been shown in this profitable line of business but a good many have commenced to realize the wonderful opportunity offered since the C.P.R. is actually here.

Do not put your wish bone where your back-bone ought to be.



Cuticura Soap Shampoos Best For Children

If you wish them to have thick, healthy hair through life shampoo regularly with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Before shampooing touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. A clean, healthy scalp usually means good hair.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.

Women's Corner

A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS
BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

The other day I read of a very sad fatality. Four young children were burned to death when left alone while their parents had gone out for the evening to some place of amusement. They had locked the door and unwittingly, no doubt, had left their own flesh and blood inside to perish.

* * *

Was that evening's pleasure worth the risk the parents took in exposing those tender little ones to the dangers which are ever present to unprotected children? Is any pleasure gained by neglecting duty ever, worth the risks of the consequences which may ensue from such neglect? To my mind no words of censure can be too strong for people who will for the sake of a few hours' entertainment, leave their children alone and unguarded in bed. Most people, if they wish to take the trouble, have some friend who would be willing to relieve them for an evening; sometimes there are women who are glad to perform such a service for a very small sum, and if there are no such helpers available then the parents should stay at home or make some arrangement to take it in turns to go out. Marriage and the care of children has its pleasures as well as its pains—maybe the fact that children are a responsibility and tie is one of the pains, but it is more than offset by the pleasure which the love of them brings and the parents who are not willing to take their responsibilities in this regard seriously and cheerfully are not worthy the name.

* * *

Can you imagine the horror of that father and mother on their return to find the dead bodies of their innocent children? It was indeed a dreadful retribution and

REGINA MARBLE & TILE Ltd.



Monuments,
Mantels,
Grates and
Tiles

826 Dewdney Avenue, Phone 3347
REGINA, Sask.

methinks if they possessed any hearts or consciences at all, their punishment must indeed have been a bitter one in the anguish and remorse of minds which must have been theirs.

* * *

Of what kind of people and influences is your world composed? Have you ever noticed that each one of us, no matter how humble, lives in a world of our own? We are ruled and guided to a great extent by the principles and opinions of the men and women who make our environment. What they think is right becomes right to us. How important then that we should endeavor to surround ourselves with the right kind of people, the right kind of ideas and ideals! For instance, we stand amazed at the daring of the crook, or society's outlaw, forgetting that the crook and the outlaw live in their own little world applauded and admired by their own circle, to whom the atrocious deeds which we from a law-abiding standpoint consider so disgraceful, may be considered smart and meritorious facts, and it is for the applause of his world that the criminal and the sharper works, amazing often the great world by his audacity. It is from the knowledge that he will receive the plaudits of his near associates that he obtains the strength to defy law and order.

* * *

I receive a good many letters and some inquiries from our readers these days in all of which I am exceedingly interested. Those which require an answer by mail I am writing to personally, others will be replied to through these columns. This page is edited by a woman for the benefit of the women who are interested in it.

* * *

"Prairie Woman" is prepared to answer any inquiries regarding domestic matters and when requested to give advice on problems of human interest. If you have any difficulty do not be afraid to write "Prairie Woman," 903 McCallum-Hill Bldg. Your letter will be treated in the strictest confidence.

Remit by Dominion Express
Money Order. If lost or stolen,
you get your money back.

TWO FRENCH WAYS OF COOKING EGGS

French Fried Eggs

A quantity of fat is required for the proper cookery of French fried eggs, but this fat may be strained and used over and over again. Heat the fat to boiling point using for the purpose a deep pan or kettle and when it gives forth a bluish haze it is ready for the eggs. These must be broken one at a time in separate saucers and glided gently into the fast boiling fat. Immediately they will transform themselves into snow white delicate puff balls and will float on the hot fat like crullers, requiring no turning, and ready in a few minutes for the

FALSE TEETH

(Old) any condition, \$1 to \$25 per set. Highest prices for discarded Jewellery, Gold, Platinum, Diamonds, Watches. Send now. Cash by return. KING, 70 Northumberland, Toronto.

Municipal, School District, and Telephone Companies
SEALS, RUBBER STAMPS, MARKING DEVICES
O.K. Rubber Stamp Works, Ltd., 1856 Cornwall St., Regina

"Martha"

OR
THE HOME OF
HER ADOPTION
BY E. L.

(All Rights Reserved)

Synopsis

Martha, an exceedingly intelligent and beautiful girl of about thirteen years finds herself on the way to Canada from England as the ward of a large institution—there is an accident to the vessel and the passengers are all taken off in life-boats. Martha and her little friend Glory, a charming child, also a ward of the institution, come in contact with a Major—who is much interested in Martha and gives her his card, telling her to appeal to him if ever she needs help. This gentleman who is a person of much distinction in England has a beautiful wife, two sons and a daughter named Lenore, who is a great source of anxiety because of her arrogant, wilful ways. The last result of one of her scenes is the resignation of her governess, a Miss Stewart, a young woman just a very good family, but reduced in circumstances, who decides to go to Canada to join her brother Philip, a fine young man who is running a large ranch in Saskatchewan. One day as Miss Stewart sits out in the garden an old hag shuffles round the house and asks her some questions about the handsome Lenore, then chuckles mysteriously as she shows Anna, Miss Stewart, the photograph of a very beautiful child whose name she tells her is "Martha" and who is her grand-daughter, but at present a ward in a large institution which sends its children to Canada.

Martha and Glory arrive at the Homes in Canada and Martha has just learned that she is to be separated from Glory and is to be placed in Saskatchewan, with a Miss Stewart who is to call for her and take her to her new home. Miss Stewart sails for Canada and has a vision of the child of the photograph of the old hag.

* * *

The day came at last when Glory was "placed." Even Miss Mitchell felt abashed as she noted the little pale face and the appealing misery in the depths of her always large eyes. Not that Glory repined audibly. She was only nine but she had already learned the utter futility of attempting to grapple with the "powers that be." There was something pitiful in her mute acceptance of the new arrangement which was to separate her from her beloved Martha.

After supper the evening previous to Glory's departure which was to take place on an early morning train, Martha sat beside her with her arm wound affectionately round her neck. Martha was not demonstrative as a general rule, but now her whole heart was in her eyes and she felt she could not do enough to let Glory see how much she loved her.

"You won't forget me will you Martha?"

"No Glory darling, I couldn't forget you. I am going to work hard, hard at my drawing and make money so that we two may have a little cottage—a little white cottage in the country somewhere, when we grow up. I'm going to take care of you and love you always, that will be something to work for. This Miss Stewart is very clever and she is going to teach me and, oh Glory, I have made up my mind to learn everything possible, because the more we know the better position we are in to fight our battle with the world and from what I have seen so far, Glory, it is quite a hard battle."

(To be continued)

skimmer. When removed from the fat they must be drained for a moment only, then served at once on a hot plate circled with a wreath of cress or parsley.

French Poached Eggs

This method is rather troublesome, but the results are fine. The Frenchman we saw poaching the eggs cooked one egg at a time and when it was finished it resembled a soft boiled egg from which all the shell had been removed, leaving the egg whole but not hard. The water was first brought to the boiling point, then a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar were added. When the water began to boil madly an egg was broken into the most tempestuous spot where the agitation produced the smooth oval shape, while the acid in the water hardened the albumen just enough to preserve the egg whole. Fine sauces were served with these eggs.

Mark Well!

Your safeguard is the name

"SALADA"

B720

• This is the genuine 'tea of all teas'.

If you do not use Salada, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto

CURRENT COMMENT

ON MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST TO DWELLERS
IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES OF CANADA

A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH VARIOUS
WESTERN QUESTIONS

THE BALANCE OF TRADE

The exchange question which has been militating against Canada has in the last month or so shown some improvement with a better general trend.

This improvement is apparently caused by the increase of Canadian exports as afforded by the official summary of Canadian trade for the month of December last. The figures show that the imports into Canada of goods for consumption during December last year were valued at eighty-five millions, eight hundred and eighty-two thousand, one hundred and fifty-three dollars, as compared with ninety-four million, five hundred and fifty-three thousand, four hundred and thirty-two dollars for December of the previous year, while the value of Canadian products exported in December 1920, was one hundred and forty-nine million, two hundred and eighty-four thousand, three hundred and twenty-five dollars as compared with one hundred and thirty-three millions, five hundred and forty-one thousand, eight hundred and five dollars, December 1919.

These figures mean that the trade position of Canada was better in December, 1920, than in December, 1919, by twenty-four millions, four hundred and thirteen thousand, seven hundred and ninety-nine dollars.

The merchandising account is therefore in our favor and a person would naturally conclude that the exchange question should be adjusted forthwith. It must be remembered, however, that before a true balance of trade is struck the interest on our debt abroad and some other "invisible items" offset a favorable merchandise balance, such obligations averaging about twenty-five millions a month. The chief gain in exports have been in grain and paper and a decrease has been shown to some extent in certain classes of manufactured products due no doubt to the somewhat difficult position which has obtained in Canadian industrial and economic circles during the last few months.



THE prudent housewife, well versed in the art of making beautiful things inexpensively, always looks to Prue Cottons for a fabric of universal usefulness.

The daintiest of undergarments, the snowiest of sheets, the house dress which is both serviceable and charming, these can be better made of a Prue cotton than any other material.

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

Ask your
Retailer for



Cottons bearing
this Mark

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

For the past fifty-five years this bank has given particular attention to the business of Farmers.

We have helped many over the rough places, and have aided many more to the highest plane of success.

We are prepared to extend you every legitimate aid in your farming operations.

Come in at any time and talk over your affairs with us. You are always welcome.

J. O. A. LETOURNEAU
LOCAL MANAGER

We carry a good stock of BUILDING MATERIAL

In all lines

Also Fence Posts, Water Tanks, &
Can't Sag Gates.

At Prices hard to beat.

See us before you buy.

Free Architectural Service to our Customers.

CROWN LUMBER CO.

A Safe Place to Trade.

C. THOMPSON, Manager

THE CARBON NEWS PRINTING

We are now equipped to do
all kind of first-class Printing
at **REASONABLE PRICES**

DRAYING and COAL HAULING HARRY DOLING

CARBON
Orders taken at the
ALEXANDRA TEA ROOMS

JOS. J. GREENAN, B.A.

Barrister, Solicitor
and Notary Public
(Also of Ontario Bar)

Local Agent for
Dominion Life Assurance Co.
Farm Lands and Town Lots for sale
CARBON - Alberta

CARBON HOTEL

Thirty Rooms
Electrically Lighted throughout

J. W. BAIRD, Proprietor

DRAYING AND TEAM WORK

done by
TRUMBLAY & GRAY

Reasonable Prices and no waiting

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Subject for Sunday, April 10th:
Jesus tender thought for the Backslider.

Next Sunday, April 17th, our Superintendent of Missions, Dr. J. I. Ferguson, of Calgary, will be on the Carbon field and will preach at Swallow at 11 a.m., at Gamble School at 2.30 p.m. and in Carbon Church at the usual hour of 7.30 p.m. Dr. Ferguson is one of the big men of our church. It will be a privilege to hear him. All are invited.

[The hour of service has been changed in Gamble School for the month of April to 2.30 in the afternoon and Swallow at 11 a.m. This enables the minister to go to Swallow Saturday, and thus makes the Sunday much lighter for man and beasts during the remaining season of bad roads.

Parents and children, do not forget the Sunday School in Carbon has been changed to 11 o'clock in the morning for the summer. All children are invited to come.

Beginning with the third Sunday in April or up to and including the first Sunday in May, the Children's Church Attendance League will be started again. Children attending service will receive a red attendance card on which a record is kept and any child making a perfect record for the six months will be honored by receiving a beautiful diploma. Those missing not more than five Sundays in the six months will be given a certificate in colors.

This system will be followed out at n. Gamble and Swallow. All children of twelve years and under are invited to compete. Rev. D. F. R. Ferguson, Minister.

Nell Cunningham was seen in town again on Tuesday. How did you manage it, Nell?

Notice to Horse Dealers.
A man has been discovered who says he can guess the weight of a horse within five pounds. He has lately been demonstrating this much desired accomplishment at the Carbon Livery Stables. Any one having any arguments over the weight of horses will do well to consult this party.

"Sandy" was telling us one on the "Scotch" said he had a friend in Calgary and they were riding on a Street car when a young lady also got on and he wished to introduce the young lady to his Scotch friend who said: Just wait a minute, she hasn't paid her fare yet, here's another, an up to date definition of a "financier". A financier is a person who can borrow money from a Jew and loan it to a Scotchman and show a profit, with all due apology to the nationalities mentioned.

We hear that "Scotty" McLaughlin of the McLaughlin Garage has purchased a "Dodge" to operate as taxi in this district. Good luck, Scotty, give the rest of the boys a little of the business though.

The Alexandra Tea Room is now operating its Soda Fountain and all high class drinks can now be served the same as if in the City, only they will be more appreciated here and Mr W. Poxon who has experimented with various mixtures in the past guarantees that even the most refined taste can find no complaint with his line of soft drinks. Would also suggest trying some ice-cream that cannot be improved on anywhere.

Mr Otto Pallesen has recovered from his accident and was able to come into Carbon some few days ago on business. Glad to see you around again Otto.

Several of the Railroad Managers and Contractors, were in this week, we saw Mr Kelley amongst the number. The popular sport of swivel fishing seems to be interesting to a good many beside the local "fanks."

Mr Ralph Purcell is soon leaving Canada for a trip to the States, having disposed of his farm sometime ago to Mr L. Smith and Mr Robinson.

We regret to say that Carbon is so short on houses that a very desirable citizen was forced to take a house in Swallow. We are speaking of Mr J. H. Sumpter, who also recently sold his farm and is taking up his old profession. It appears that something could be interested.

What has become of the Electric Light Franchise?

Hurrah for the Mayor, setting a very good example for the councilmen. Wonder what they will do about it?

"The new steel bridge is being completed on the North Road across the Three Hills Creek. This has been a very expensive piece of work but will more than justify the expenditure.

Wonder why we don't see Al Fuller amongst the boys lately? Maybe Home Rule has shifted to the North-side.

Last week's issue carried an article

JAMES PHILLIPS Cockshutt Implements and Ford Cars

We have a Carload of Cockshutt Implements coming from Factory

ONE FORD CAR, As Good As New \$450.00
McLAUGHLIN CAR, A1 Shape, for \$850.00

Also Big Bunch of TIRES, Ford size, going at below cost. GRAIN PICKLERS, HARROWS, FANNING MILLS, DEMOCRATS, WAGON TREES and YOKE SETS.

4, 5 & 6 Horse Eveners
at Cost Price

Just Received a shipment of SPRING HATS

Also a good quality of Georgette
Crepe de Chine of all colors

UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY STORE

C. C. TURCOTTE, Proprietor

Lumber is almost on pre-war prices and you can now
Built that House or Barn which you have
Delayed.

No Order Too Large and None Too Small

IMPERIAL LUMBER YARDS LTD.

R. S. SHIELDS, - Local Manager

CARBON MEAT MARKET F. OWEN

All kind of Fresh and Cured Meats and Fresh Fish
Cured Meat in first-class style. A full line of Lard.
Pork Sausage fresh daily.
Your Satisfaction means our Success

A. SHELINE AUCTIONEER

If you contemplate holding a Sale, see me as
My Prices are Right. I Guarantee All Settlements
YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

Reference: Merchants Bank of Canada. Phone 11

comparing the respective merits of a certain Overland with a McLaughlin and stating that it was easy to see which was the best. We have since learned that the Overland failed to return to Carbon and the McLaughlin was merely "short on gasoline."

Mr Nell Cunningham was a Carbon visitor last Friday.

Have you noticed the new sidewalks which the Council have authorized and how nicely the mud has been kept off the crossings this past two weeks? Carbon is progressing and trying to keep up to date as every

village should, thanks to our town fathers.

Mr Corry McDonald entertained a number of friends on Friday, last April 1st. We had prepared a detailed report in honor of the occasion but owing to the fact that a certain party so seriously objected to having his name printed as one of the lucky ones present, we thought it unfair to "kid" the boys without including his name, so we trust you will not feel disappointed in the least at not being able to read the report as per schedule, maybe a modified list of guests will be printed in a later issue.

Anybody having SICK ANIMALS or being in danger will do well to let us know, as we never lose a chance to cure or heal them

ARTHUR FLETCHER

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF CARIBOO, HOLDEN AT FORT GEORGE.

No. 79-20.

Between: JOHN NEWSOME, Plaintiff, Judgment Creditor.

and JESSIE LINCOLN McGREERY, Defendant, Judgment Debtor.

PURSUANT to the Order of His Honour Judge Calder made herein the 17th day of February, A.D. 1921, I shall offer the hereunder described lands and premises for sale at my office Fourth Avenue, City of Prince George, B.C., on Thursday the Second day of June, A.D. 1921, at the hour of 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy the Judgment herein dated the 16th day of July, A.D. 1920, for the sum of \$667.35, District, Cariboo.

No. of Lot, District lot 9234, Group 1.
Description of Property, 160 acres, assessed valuation \$1750.00.
State and Interest, Fee Simple.
Dated at Prince George, B.C., this 16 day of March A.D. 1921.

E. S. PETERS
Sheriff, County of Cariboo.

Mr James Ramsay, W. J. Poole, G. H. Barber, Mr Cave, Wm Watkins, sen, Mr Ireland, T. Dempsey and D. C. Creman are all visitors to Calgary, this week.

Sunday April 3rd, Mrs Perry Wheat gave birth to a baby daughter at the English Nursing Home in Calgary. Both mother and baby are reported to be in the best of health.